

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 6.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1844.

[Vol. 2, 1844.]



MULTANGULAR TOWER, YORK.

"In order to present an idea of this ancient Roman fortification, Benjamin Langwith, D.D., rector of Petworth, in Sussex, a native of York, contributes this plate, 1736."

It is thus that the venerable Roman ruin above represented is introduced by Drake, in his *Eboracum*, published a hundred and eight years ago. He also quotes the following description of it, as having been given by Dr. Lister to the Royal Society.

"Carefully viewing the antiquities of York, the dwelling of at least two of the Roman emperors, Severus and Constantius, I find part of a wall yet standing, which is undoubtedly of that time. It is the second wall of the Mint-yard, formerly the Hospital of St. Lawrence. It consists of a multangular tower, which did lead to Bootham bar, and part of a wall which ran the length of Conyng Street, as he who shall attentively view it may discern.

"The outside to the river is faced with a very singular *saxum quadratum* of about four inches thick, and laid in levels like our modern brick walls, but the length of the stones is not observed, but are as they fell out in hewing. From the foundation twenty courses of these small square stones are laid, and over them five courses of Roman brick. These bricks are laid, some lengthways, some endways, in the wall, and were called *lateres diatoni*; after these five courses of brick, other twenty-two courses of small square stones as before described are laid, which raise the wall some — feet higher, and then five more courses of the same Roman bricks are laid, beyond which the wall is imperfect and capped with modern building. Note that in all this height there is no casement or loophole, but one entire and uniform wall, from which we may infer that the wall was brought some courses higher after the same order. The bricks were to be as thorough,

or as it were so many new foundations, to that which was to be superstructed, and to bind the two sides together firmly, for the wall itself is only faced with small square stones, and the underpart thereof filled with mortar and pebble.

"These bricks are about seventeen inches long of our measure, about eleven inches broad, and two-and-a-half thick. This, having caused several to be carefully measured in round numbers, I do find them to agree very well with the Roman foot, which the learned antiquary Groves has left us, viz., of its being half an inch less than ours. They seem to have shrunk in the baking more in the breadth than in the length. This demonstrates Pliny's measures to be true, and not those of Vitruvius, where he says, '*genera laterum tria*.' And, indeed, all I have yet seen in England are of Pliny's measure.

"I shall only add this remark that proportion and uniformity, even in the minutest parts of building, is to be plainly observed, as this miserable ruin of Roman work shews."

"I have to remark," adds Drake, "that the stones of the wall are not of the grit kind, but of the common free-stone, there being no occasion to fear fire in an exterior fortification. Next that the building of the tower is the same on the inside of it as on the out, and runs as a common wall

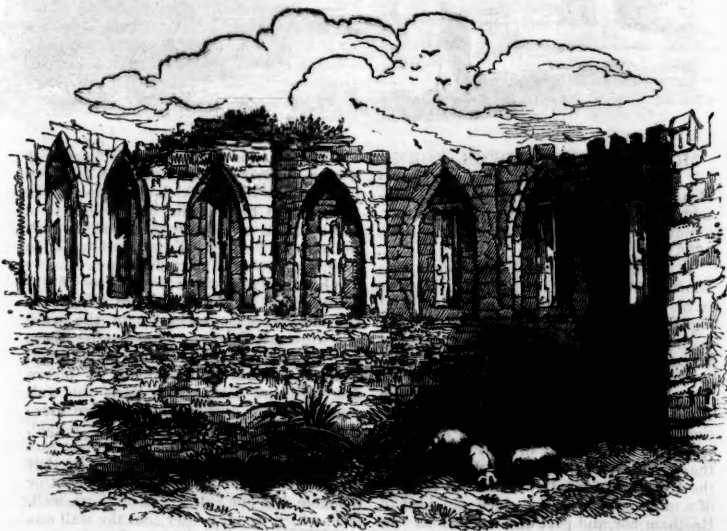
to Bootham bar, under the vallum or rampart that hides it that way.

After Dr. Lister's time, on digging a cellar in Conyng-street, in the line of the Roman wall just mentioned, a stone was discovered with an inscription on it. Of this Mr. Thoresby, of Leeds, gave an account to the Royal Society, in which he described it to be dedicated to the genius or tutelary deity of the place. It was twenty-one inches long and eleven broad, and was inscribed, *Genio loci feliciter*.

"The author of this votive monument," Mr. Thoresby goes on to say, "seems to have had the same superstitious veneration for the genius of York as those at Rome had for theirs, whose name they were prohibited to mention or inquire after. Hence it is that upon their using the name of this deity is never expressed, but in a more popular manner, by 'Genius P. R. or Pop. Rom.'"

The view, given above, from Britton's "Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities," shows the Multangular Tower to have remained in 1830 nearly as it appeared in 1736. We copy with a feeling similar to that of Dr. Langwith, given at the opening of this article, a view of the interior.

The upper walls, Mr. Britton supposes, cannot be older than the thirteenth or fourteenth century.



The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguerite," &c.

PART II.—RUE DU MILIEU DES URSINS.

CHAPTER XV.—THE MESSAGES.

In looking over the rules of the Jesuit order, entitled *De Formula Scribendi* (Institut 2, ii., p. 125), we are astonished at the number of letters, registers, and writings that are preserved in the archives of the society, evincing a better organized system of police than that of any other government. The Venetians themselves were surpassed by the Jesuits, who, when expelled in 1606, had their papers seized, and were censured for their culpable curiosity. That police—a secret inquisition—carried on to such a degree of perfection, accounts for the power of a government instructed by parties on all hands—a government, so persevering in its projects, so powerful through unity. It is easy to conceive the immense power which that society acquired, and how the Jesuit-general could say to the Duke of Brissac, "From this chamber, sir, I govern not only Paris but China; not only China but the whole world, without any one knowing how it is done."—*Constitutions of the Jesuits with the Declarations*. Latin Text, from the Prague edition, page 476 to 478. Pauline, Paris, 1843.

When Morok saw Dagobert deprived of his horse, his papers, and his money, he concluded that it was impossible for the soldier to continue his journey, and therefore dispatched Karl to Leipsic with a letter, which he was to put into the post on his arrival. The address was—

"Mr. Rodin, Rue du Milieu des Ursins, Paris."

Near the middle of this solitary street, situated near the Quai Napoleon, stood a house of modest appearance, with an arched gateway, and two windows barred with iron. Nothing could be more simple than the interior of this silent dwelling; the walls were covered with old grey wainscoting; the red floor was carefully polished, and white calico curtains hung before the windows. At one end of the room stood a globe, about four feet in diameter, covered with small red crosses, on the north, south, east, and west, serving evidently for points of reference.

Before a black, wooden table, heaped up with papers, stood an empty chair, and further on, between two windows, was a large desk, surmounted by shelves, filled with cards.

Near the close of October, 1831, about eight in the morning, a man was writing at this desk. That man was M. Rodin, the correspondent of Morok, the prophet. He was about fifty years of age, wore an old olive frock coat, a pocket-handkerchief instead of a cravat, trousers with straps reaching his ankles, and a short waistcoat,

exposing the loops of his braces. His feet, which were encased in a pair of huge shoes, were resting on a small square of green carpet. His thin gray hairs, combed straight over his temples, partially hid his bald head. His eyebrows were scarcely perceptible, and his eye-lids heavy and drooping, almost concealed his small bright black eyes. His thin and colourless lips were confounded with the sallow complexion of his livid countenance, which, from its sepulchral immobility, would have been taken for that of a corpse, had it not been for the rapid movement of M. Rodin's fingers.

By the aid of a secret alphabet, he was busily transcribing certain passages from a long document.

As the clock struck eight, the knocker of the outer gate fell heavily: several doors were opened and shut, and a personage entered the room, at whose appearance M. Rodin rose, bowed twice, then resumed his occupation. A singular contrast existed between these two individuals: the new-comer, although older than Rodin, appeared to be no more than thirty-six or thirty-eight years of age. He was of tall stature, handsome in the extreme, with eyes that sparkled like polished steel. When he took off his hat to replace it with a black velvet cap that lay on the table, he disclosed a head of bright chestnut hair, not yet touched by the silvery hand of time. His penetrating glance and high forehead indicated a powerful mind, whilst his broad shoulders and well-developed chest denoted a powerful physical organization. Indeed, his distinguished air, his graceful movements, the careful manner in which he was dressed, at once told that he came within the common acceptation of the term, *a man of the world*. His smile, which circumstances regulated, at one time affectionate, then sarcastic; cordial, then cunning; gay, then forbidding, indicated also that in his undertakings, whether important or frivolous, success was sure to be the result. Notwithstanding his seductive influence, the urbanity of his manner, his pleasing conversation, his insinuating flattery, and cheerful smile, they left an impression of inquietude behind, as if some secret snare were concealed under his blandishments.

Rodin, who was the secretary to the last comer, continued writing.

"Any letters from Dunkirk, Rodin?" demanded his master.

"No, sir, the post has not come."

"I trust I shall have good news this morning respecting my mother's health; I shall not be easy till I have had a letter from the princess of Saint-Dizier."

"It is to be hoped so," said the secretary, in a humble tone.

"It is indeed," rejoined his master, "it is impossible to express the happiness I experienced when the princess informed me that the disease had yielded to the skill of those by whom she was surrounded. If she were not convalescent, I would have started, for the princess's, notwithstanding the importance of my presence here."

Then going up to his secretary's desk, he demanded,

"Have you looked over the foreign correspondence?"

"Yes, here is an abstract."

"Read; if I must answer any of the letters myself, I will tell you."

Then, placing his hands behind his back, he began to walk up and down, occasionally dictating to the secretary.

The latter took the abstract, and began thus:

"Don Rancon Olvares acknowledges the receipt of letter No. 19, from Cadiz. He will conform to what is enjoined therein, and will deny all knowledge of the elopement."

"Well, class it."

"The last cargo of the *Histories of France*, dedicated to the faithful, has been disposed of, and there is a demand for more."

"Make a memorandum, and write to Duplessis. Go on."

"M. Spindler sends the secret report concerning Ardouin, from Namur."

"To be analysed."

"Don Stanislaus has just started for Baden with queen Marie Ernestine. He announces that her majesty will receive the intelligence with gratitude, and will reply with her own hand."

"Take a note of it. I will write to the queen myself."

While Rodin was making a few notes on the margin of the paper, his master approached the globe, and surveyed it thoughtfully for several minutes.

Rodin continued:—"Father Orsini writes that the state of mind, in some parts of Italy, has given rise to agitation, and that the agitators are now turning their eyes towards France. He thinks it advisable to circulate pamphlets against the French, our countrymen, accusing them as impious, debauched, dishonest, and blood-thirsty."

"Excellent idea! a recapitulation of our ravages in Italy during the republican war, will serve our purpose. We must give Jacques Doumoulin the pamphlet to write. The pen of that man is charged with gall and venom."

"The cardinal prince Alfani will conform to the three first points of the memorial. He has his scruple at the fourth, and wishes it altered."

"No alteration. Full assent to all is required. If not war will ensue—a desperate

war, in which neither pity for him nor his will be shown.—Go on."

"Fra Paolo states that the patriot Baccaro, the head of a formidable secret society, exasperated on finding his friends accuse him of treason, resulting from suspicions instilled into their minds by Fra Paolo, has taken away his own life."

"Let Duplessis send Fra Paolo twenty-five louis."

"Hansman announces that Albertine Puconnet, the French *danseuse*, sways the Prince Regent. By securing her interest the purported design will be effected; but she does nothing without consulting her lover, who is condemned in France for forgery."

"Let Hansman communicate with this man. If his offers be reasonable, accept them. Inquire if the girl has any relatives in Paris."

"The Duke d'Orbano, states that the king, on the notified conditions, will authorise the new proposed establishment."

"Away with conditions. Assent or a positive refusal. It is thus that we can distinguish our friends from our foes. The more circumstances seem unfavourable, the more we must show our firmness, and assume confidence in ourselves."

A knock was heard at the door. Rodin rose and went out. His master; after pacing the room several times, stopped before the globe, and contemplated in silence the numerous crosses, which, seemed to cover the whole surface. Then, drawing near, he placed his hand upon it, and thinking, without doubt, of his power, which extended over the whole globe, he knit his expansive forehead, raised his tall form to its full height, assumed an arrogant and menacing look, while his whole form, evinced an air of energy, and haughtiness. An artist who wished to paint the demon of craft and pride, the genius of insatiable dominion, could not have chosen a more appropriate model.

When Rodin returned, the countenance of his master had taken its usual expression.

"The postman," Rodin said, showing the letters which he had in his hand. There is not one from Dunkirk."

"No letter," cried his master "No news from my mother. Other thirty-four hours." of anxiety. If I do not receive intelligence to-morrow I shall set out for the princess's. I am afraid that the air near Dunkirk does not suit her constitution." After a moment's silence he added "Well, where are those letters from?"

After Rodin had examined the postmarks he said, "Out of the four letters three relate to the important affair of the medals."

"God be praised, provided] the news be good."

"The one from Charlestown no doubt relates to Gabriel the missionary, that from Batavia refers to the Indian, Djalma, and the third from Leipsic, no doubt confirms that of yesterday from Morok, the prophet; that, according to the orders which he had received, he had succeeded in preventing the daughters of General Simon from continuing their journey, without exposing himself to the least suspicion."

At the name of General Simon a cloud passed over the countenance of Rodin's master.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE ORDERS.

"The provincial houses correspond with those of Paris, and are in communication with the General, who resides at Rome. The correspondence of the Jesuits is so well organized, that the principals are furnished with every required information. In the central establishment at Rome, registers are kept, in which are the names of all the Jesuits, of their confederates, and of those with whom they have matters of business. These registers contain an impartial life of each individual, and detail the conduct of a loose female with as much exactness as that of a statesman. When proceedings are instituted against any one, this book is opened, and his life, his character, his projects, his family, his friends, and his most secret connections are immediately known. It is easy to conceive the influence such a book, embracing, as it were, the world, gives to a society of this description."—*Libri*, Memb. of the Institut. — *Lettres sur le Clergé*.

After having overcome the involuntary emotion which the name of General Simon had caused, Rodin's master said,

"Do not open the letters from Leipsic, Charlestown, and Batavia; we will class them by and bye. Have you finished the document relative to the medals?"

"Yes, here it is."

"Read it; I wish to know if it is sufficiently explanatory. You have not forgotten that the person who is to receive it is not to know all."

"I remember, and wrote accordingly."

"Read it."

"One hundred and fifty years ago, a French protestant family, foreseeing the speedy revocation of the edict of Nantes, and to avoid the decrees issued against the Reformers,—these enemies of our holy religion,—fled from their native land, and took refuge in divers countries.

"One of the members of the family went to Holland, others to Poland, Germany, England, and America. At present there are only seven descendants of that family, who have undergone strange vicissitudes of fortune, since the present representatives are found in all grades of society, from the sovereign to the artisan.

"The descendants on the mother's side are Rose and Blanche Simon, minors, Ge-

neral Simon having married a descendant of the family at Warsaw.

"Mr. Francis Hardy, manufacturer, at Plessis, near Paris.

"Prince Djalma, son of Kadja Sing, king of Nondi, Kadja Sing, married a descendant of that family in 1802.

"Those on the father's side are—

"John Rennepont, mechanic,

"Adrienne de Cardoville, daughter of Count Rennepont, of Cardoville,

"Gabriel Rennepont, missionary.

"Each member of this family possess, or ought to possess, a bronze medal, on which is engraved the following inscription:

<p>"Victim of L. C. D. J. Pray for me. Paris, 13th February, 1682.</p>	<p>"Paris, 3, St. Francis-street. In a century and a half will be the 13th February, 1832. PRAY FOR ME."</p>
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"These words show the importance of their being personally in Paris on the 13th of February, 1832. But it is of as great interest to others that none of the descendants should be at Paris except Gabriel Rennepont, missionary.

"Gabriel, therefore, at all cost, must be the only one who will keep the appointment made by his ancestors a hundred and fifty years ago.

"Much has been done to prevent the other six from being present, and much remains to do to ensure the success of this affair, which is considered the most important of the age, on account of its probable results."

"That is too true," interrupted Rodin's master; "add that the consequences of success are incalculable; that we dare not think of failure. Continue."

"To ensure the success of the affair in question, it is necessary to give particulars respecting the seven persons who represent this family.

"Note 1.—Rose and Blanche, twins, about 15 years of age, beautiful in face and form, and of amiable disposition; so much alike that one might be taken for the other. General Simon, who was separated from his wife before their birth, is ignorant that he has two daughters. To prevent the mother from coming to Paris orders were given to send their mother to the heart of Siberia, but she died, and the governor thinking that our decree only referred to the wife of General Simon, allowed the daughters to go to France accompanied by a resolute soldier, who is looked upon as dangerous. It is hoped that they are now detained near Leipsic."

"Read the letter from Leipsic," said Rodin's master, "you can now give the last information."

After reading the letter, Rodin exclaimed, "Excellent news. The two girls

and their guide succeeded in making their escape from the White Falcon, but they were caught about a league from Mockern, and are now in prison in Leipsic. The two girls are apprehended as vagrants, and the soldier is accused of using violence to a magistrate."

"It is certain that they will not be here by the 13th of February. Add this to the note."

Rodin obeyed, then continued:

"Note 2.—Francis Hardy, forty years of age, rich, intelligent, active, and adored by his workmen. He is deceived as to the importance of the medal, and is constantly watched; his dearest friend deceives him, and through him we know his secret thoughts."

"Note 3.—Prince Djalma, eighteen years of age, brave and generous, and special favourite of General Simon. His mother died at Batavia at an early age. He is ignorant of the importance of the medal, which formed part of the property of Djalma's mother."

"Now read the letter from Batavia," interrupted Rodin's master. "It will complete the information."

After reading the letter, Rodin said—"Good news. M. José Van Dael, merchant, learns from his Calcutta correspondent that the old Indian king was killed in the last battle with the English, and that his son, deprived of his father's rights, is now a prisoner in an Indian fortress. Should he effect his escape, having nothing left in the world, he will naturally go to Batavia to claim his inheritance from his mother. In that case reliance may be placed in José Van Dael."

"But he does not allude to General Simon, in connection with Djalma's father."

"Not a word," the secretary replied.

Rodin's master paced the room in silence, then said—"Continue."

"Note 4.—James Rennepont, workman in Baron Fripeaud's factory. He is drunken, idle, quarrelsome, and prodigal. A clever agent, one on whom we may rely, has formed an acquaintanceship with his sweetheart, Cephyse Soliveau, through the interest of whom we may depend on his not being at Paris on the 13th of February."

"Note 5.—Gabriel Rennepont, missionary, a founding, who was adopted by Frances Baudoin, wife of the soldier Dagobert. Gabriel is five-and-twenty, of amiable disposition, and truly virtuous; he was brought up with Dagobert's son, Agricola, who is fond of his mother, honest, laborious, but not at all religious, and consequently very *dangerous*; this renders his intimacy with Gabriel so much to be feared. Notwithstanding the good qualities of the latter, he sometimes gives uneasiness, which accounts for our not entrusting him with the whole,

for one false step might make him most *dangerous*. Precaution, therefore, is to be observed till the 13th of February, for on his appearance at that time everything depends—*hope and interest*. We have allowed him to form part of the American missions, for he unites calm intrepidity and an adventurous spirit, with his mild disposition. Instructions, however, have been sent to his superiors at Charleston never to expose so valuable a life to danger. They ought to send him to Paris at least a month or two before the 13th of February."

"Read the letter from Charleston; then complete the information on that point."

Rodin read it, and replied, "Gabriel is daily expected from the Rocky Mountains, where he insisted on going alone."

"What imprudence!"

"Nothing, however, has happened to him, since it is he who gives the information of his arrival at Charleston. They will send him to France about the middle of this month."

"Add this to the note that relates to him. Then continue."

"Note 6.—Miss Adrienne Rennepont, of Cardoville, distant relation of John and Gabriel Rennepont; she is ignorant of the relationship. She is twenty-five years of age; remarkable for her beautiful countenance, as well as for the originality of her mind; possesses a large fortune. When we think of the daring character of that young girl, we shudder at her future fate. Fortunately her guardian, Baron Fripeaud, is in our interest, and almost entirely dependent on the aunt of Miss Cardoville. We rely upon this worthy relation, and upon M. Fripeaud, to avert the strange and daring projects which that young girl fears not to announce, and which we cannot altogether fathom."

A knock at the door interrupted the secretary, who ran to open it, and returned holding two letters in his hand, "The princess," said he, "has taken advantage of an express, and sent—"

"Give me the letters, that I may see how my poor mother is."

Scarcely had he read a few lines before he became pale, and his whole countenance expressed the most poignant grief.

"O God!" he cried, "my poor mother." Her convalescence proved deceptive—she has had a relapse, and little hopes are now entertained of her recovery. She is always mentioning my name, saying that if she saw me once more she would die in peace. Her request is sacred; may God grant that I may arrive in time. It will require two days, though I travel night and day, to reach the princess's."

"What a misfortune!" Rodin exclaimed. His master rang the bell, and said to an old servant who answered, "Put everything

that I may require for a journey into my carriage, and let the porter go for post-horses." The servant withdrew hastily.

"This letter, also," said Rodin, "was brought from M. Duplessis. It is urgent."

At the sight of the letter, the countenance of Rodin's master assumed an expression of fear and respect. With a trembling hand, he broke the seal, and read:

"Leave everything; lose not a moment; start, and come. M. Duplessis will take your place."

"O, God!" he cried, "must I then give up all hopes of seeing my dying mother? O, dreadful thought!"

He gave the fatal letter to his secretary, told him to endorse it with the number, and said, "M. Duplessis will tell you what to do. Give him your notes respecting the affair of the medals; he knows where to send them." He then withdrew to his apartment. Three quarters of an hour afterwards, the servant knocked respectfully at the door, and informed Rodin that the carriage was ready. The secretary, with equal respect, knocked at his master's apartment. The latter, grave and composed, but pale, came out, holding a letter in his hand.

"This is for my mother," he said, "send off a courier instantly."

The secretary, accompanied his master to the carriage. "What road, sir," asked the postillion.

"The road to Italy," Rodin's master replied, suppressing his emotion.

Rodin bowed profoundly as the carriage drove away, then returned to the cold and naked room. The whole appearance of this personage seemed suddenly to change; he was no longer an automaton, moved mechanically by the spirit of obedience. His immoveable features, his downcast looks became suddenly animated, evincing a spirit of craftiness.

In his turn he stopped before the large globe, and contemplated it, like his master, in silence. He then rubbed his hands, and with a sneer went to the desk, and wrote, by means of private figures, unknown to his master, the following letter:—

"Paris, Quarter to ten, a.m.

"He has gone, but he hesitated. When he received a letter from his dying mother, stating that his presence might save her, he cried, 'Not to go to my mother is actually matricide.' I keep a constant watch on his actions. These lines will reach Rome at the same time as he will. P.S. Tell the cardinal prince that he may rely upon me."

Rodin sealed the letter, placed it in his pocket, and went out.

While those two men were weaving a net to ensnare the seven descendants of this once proscribed family, a mysterious being was trying to preserve that family, which was also his own.

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE PRESS.

In the chapter which considered the state of the "Literature" of the last century, it was scarcely pertinent, or proper to include a notice of the public journals, for they were so far removed from the intellectual meaning that that word conveys—they dealt so in fictions and frivolities instead of instruction and intelligence, as to be undeserving of notice in the same paragraph with the works of Goldsmith, Fielding, or Smollett. Newspaper literature was in no very advanced state; the editors, instead of infusing sound argument into the columns of their journals, and of giving the world early notice of all that was really necessary to be known, were content to publish the simple details of "accidents and offences," which, in nine cases out of ten, had no existence except in the imagination of the industrious "penny-a-liner." Reports were put forth, "rumours of wars," and accounts of glorious victories, merely to afford the journalist an opportunity of filling a vacant corner of his next paper with a refutation; in one day's journal the readers were congratulated on some triumph over the French—in the next day's sheet they were informed that no such triumph had been achieved. Goldsmith, in his "Citizen of the World," gives an outline of the newspapers of his time, and verily, if it be a correct delineation, they were far behind the *Times* and *Herald* of our day. The foreign intelligence which they communicated was generally taken from "Letters from the Hague," or "Letters from Paris"—there were then no "Our own Correspondents," or "Extraordinary Expresses," to give to the Londoners the Paris intelligence of the day before; news travelled slowly, and it is frequently amusing to notice how far back the date of "the latest advices from France" is from that of the paper in which they are announced. Then the home news was as uninteresting if not quite so stale; and, as a "sign of the times," it may be noted that the intelligence from the provinces was conveyed, like that from the continent, in "Letters from York," or Liverpool, or some other considerable town, provincial papers being then unthought of; but, in process of time, these prodigies sprung up, and then the "post-boy" and the "Gazet-

teer" gave way to the "Public Ledger;" and occasional essays and poems, and, at length, even outlines of the proceedings of Parliament, and remarks thereon took the place of annals of intrigue, accidents, and offences. Such functionaries as penny-a-liners were, however, still retained about the offices of the newspapers, but they were only the occasional contributors, not the entire writers of the journals, and, at the close of the century, the public press may be estimated to have put forth, when all was balanced, about an equal proportion of truth and falsehood. Now-a-days, the result is in favour of the former, and the increased facilities of communication from every quarter of the globe afford sufficient true and accurate information to fill even the enlarged sheets of our modern journals.

CHAPTER XXV.—LITERARY PATRONS.

Any one who has seen the dedications prefixed to the books of the eighteenth century, will lament that so virtuous a generation should so completely have passed away, for we meet with nothing but accomplished dukes and intellectual earls, who are at once represented as the most generous, the most talented, and the most exemplary of mankind, ornaments of their species, and patterns for angels. But, in too many cases, the noblemen whose virtues were emblazoned in such glowing colours, were the most ignorant and conceited blockheads in the country, otherwise they would not have encouraged such fulsome flatterers. How different from the sketch which Horace has preserved of his accomplished patron—the courtly Mæcenas; how different from the simple and unaffected testimony which Goldsmith bears to the talents of his patron, Dr. Smollett, is the following inflated dedication of the play of "The Modern Prophets," which is copied into No. 43 of the "Tatler." The author thus addresses his patron.—"Your easiness of humour, or rather your harmonious disposition, is so admirably mixed with your composure, that the rugged cares and disturbance that public affairs bring with them that does so vexatiously affect the heads of other great men of business, etc., does scarce ever ruffle your unclouded brow so much as with a frown. And that above all is praiseworthy, you are so far from thinking yourself higher than others, that a flourishing and opulent fortune, which, by a certain natural corruption in its

quality seldom fails to affect other possessors with pride, seems, in this case, as if only providentially disposed to enlarge your humility. But I find, sir, I am now got into a very large field, where, though I could with great ease raise a number of plants in relation to your merits, of this plauditory nature, yet, for fear of an author's general vice, and lest the plain justice I have done you should by my proceeding, and others' mistaken judgment, be imagined flattery (a thing *the bluntness of my nature does not care to be concerned with, and which I also know you abominate*), I will conclude this my humble dedication."

To complete the absurdity of these compliments, it is only necessary to add that the person to whom they were addressed was an illiterate citizen, who, having amassed a considerable fortune, was enabled to retire from business, and by its means to purchase flattery, consideration, and ultimately knighthood!

A man of letters was, in the last century, a sort of indispensable attendant at the tables of the great; he was to furnish his employer with ready-made opinions upon all fashionable topics, to applaud every word, and laugh heartily at every abortion of a joke which issued from him; and, although his superiority of mind must have rendered his patron's conceited ignorance the more apparent and intolerable, he was to laud him to the skies, and declare him at once the gentleman and the scholar. Then, whenever he wrote a tragedy or a novel, a sermon or a history, the hanger-on was expected to dedicate it to his patron, and to inform him—and, at the same time, the world at large—that he was the very personification of virtue and excellence, and the beau ideal of a man of taste. And, as if the falsehood were not base enough in any shape, and palpable enough in any type, it was put forth in all the attractions of capitals and italics, and a score of paragraphs, forming a string of unmerited compliments, were, by dint of extra type and broad spaces between the lines, made to occupy two-thirds of the entire volume. But large type and falsehood were usually not considered sufficiently emphatic to impress upon the world the numerous virtues of the patrons; and the aid of artists was called into operation, and the dedication embellished with wood-cuts. First, and most prominent, was a parallelogram, in which angels and satyrs were flying a-

bout in the most glorious confusion, and, with horns and trumpets, proclaiming the fame of the patron. Then, the first letter of the first paragraph, the initial of the dedication, was to be found lurking in a hedge or hiding behind a tree; now the most conspicuous object in a rural landscape, now borne high among the clouds; and then, at the conclusion, came another rectangle, as full of angels, and urns, and armorial bearings, and initials, as the first.

And thus was the poet of the eighteenth century compelled to prostrate himself at the feet of some ignorant peer or clownish knight; to subscribe himself his "most devoted slave;" and to prostitute his talents to the degrading task of sketching an exemplary and angelic character, and then applying it to his patron. He could not hope for success without noble patronage, and he could not purchase patronage without flattery.

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF ABERCORN.



Arms.—Quarterly; first and fourth, gules, three cinquefoils, pierced ermine from Hamiltons; second and third, ar., a ship with sails furled, sable, for the earls of Arran.

Crest.—Out of a ducal coronet, or an oak, fructed and penetrated transversely in the main stem by a frame saw, p.p.r., the frame gold.

Supporters.—Two antelopes ar., horned, ducally gorged, chained and hooved or.

Mottoes.—*Through and Sola nobilitas virtus.* "Virtue alone is nobility."

The only noblemen who enjoy distinct peerages in each of the three kingdoms are the marquiss of Hastings, the earl of Verulam, and the marquiss of Abercorn. The last is the senior male branch of the house of Hamilton, represented in the female line by the dukes of Hamilton and Brandon.

Lord Claud Hamilton, the third son of James, second earl of Arran, duke of Chateaufort, was one of the partisans of Mary

Queen of Scots, and for his fidelity to her was requited by James I, July 29, 1587, with the grant of a whole barony, that of Paisley, with the dignity of baron Paisley. He married Margaret, only daughter of George Seton, and had four sons and one daughter by her. These were James, Claud, George, Frederick, and Margaret. Their marriage and children would lead us into a history of many highly distinguished personages. James, master of Paisley, was created baron of Abercorn in 1603, with remainder to his heirs male, and advanced, on the 19th July, 1606, to the earldom of Abercorn, with the minor dignities of baron Hamilton, Mountcastle, and Kilpatrick, attached. He was subsequently summoned to the House of Peers in Ireland as an earl. His lordship Claud, the first lord Paisley, died in 1621, and was succeeded by his grandson, the son of James his eldest son, master of Paisley, who died in 1617. James, of whom we now speak, the second lord, had been previously raised to the peerage of Ireland, May 8, 1617, by the title of lord Hamilton, baron Strabane, which honour, upon his lordship's petition to Charles I, was transferred to his next brother, Claud Hamilton. The earl was excommunicated by the general council of the Church of Scotland in 1646 as a Roman Catholic, and ordered to depart the kingdom. He married Catherine, daughter and heiress of Gervais, Lord Clifton, of Leighton Bromeswold, relict of Esme, duke of Richmond and Lennox, and had three sons, James, William, and George, and a daughter, Catherine, who was first married to William Lenthal, Esq., and afterwards to Charles, fifth earl of Aberdeen. James and William died before their father, who, on his death, was succeeded by his third son, George, who, dying unmarried, was succeeded by his cousin, Claud, second son of James, master of Paisley, who, as above mentioned, had been previously created lord Hamilton, baron of Strabane. He received the title and estates as fourth earl of Abercorn. After the Revolution he came with King James II from France, and was sworn into the Privy Council on his arrival in Dublin. When the battle of the Boyne was lost he embarked for France, but died on the voyage. He had been outlawed in 1691, and the estates and title of Strabane forfeited, but the earldom of Aberdeen devolved on his brother Charles. This nobleman, on the last lord's attainder being reversed, succeeded likewise to the restored title and estates of Strabane. He died in 1701, without issue, when the title came to his kinsman, James, the son of George, the fourth son of the first earl of Abercorn. He had been previously known as Captain Hamilton. This gentleman had adhered to King James, but afterwards

espousing the cause of William, took a distinguished part in the siege of Londonderry, against his former royal master. Having succeeded to the earldom of Abercorn, he sat in 1706 as a member of the Scottish Parliament. He, however, for the most part, resided in Ireland, and of that kingdom he was created a peer, December 2, 1701, by the title of baron Mountcastle and viscount Strabane. He married, in 1686, Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Robert Reading, Bart., of Dublin, by whom he had issue nine sons and four daughters. He died November 28, 1734, and was succeeded by his eldest son, James, who married, in 1711, Anne, eldest daughter of Plinier, of Blakesware, in the county of Hertford, and had one daughter and six sons, of whom James, the eldest, on his lordship's decease, January 13, 1744, became the eighth earl. He was created, August 8, 1786, a peer of Great Britain, by the title of viscount Hamilton, of Hamilton, in the county of Leicester, with remainder to his nephew, John James Hamilton, who succeeded him on his decease, October 9, 1789, and on the second of October, in the following year, was advanced to the dignity of marquis of Abercorn, and subsequently installed a knight of the garter. On the 20th of June, 1779, he had married his first wife, Catherine, daughter of Sir Joseph Sprotborough. By her he had issue two sons, James and Claud, and three daughters. Her ladyship died September 13, 1791, and on the 4th of March, 1792, he married his cousin, Cecil, eighth daughter of the Hon. George Hamilton, from whom he was divorced by act of parliament in 1799. On the 3rd of April, 1800, he married a third wife, Anne Jane, eldest daughter of the second earl of Arran, and relict of Henry Hatton, Esq., of the county of Wexford. By her he had no issue. He died January 27, 1818, when he was succeeded by his grandson, James, the eldest son of his son James, who deceased in 1814. The present peer was born January 12, 1811, and married October 25, 1832, to lady Louisa Jane, second daughter of John, fifth duke of Bedford, by whom he has, with several daughters, a son and heir, viscount Hamilton, born August 24, 1838.

THE ANCIENT DRAMA REVIVED.

The *Antigone* of Sophocles has been revived at Paris with as close an approximation in the usages of ancient Greece, as scholarship can supply. Room could not be found in a modern theatre to give the choruses on the same scale as was once witnessed at the Acropolis, but in most respects, the old theatrical re-

presentation was as carefully represented as the drama. Its success was complete. This is an important fact, as we may expect the knowledge of it will cause a similar effort to be made at no distant day in England. Some idea of the effects we shall endeavour to give, from an elaborate article in the *Athenaeum*, which however, is too long to copy into our pages.

"The story is simple even to nakedness: Antigone, contrary to the commands of Creon, bestows the rights of burial on her brother's corpse, and for this crime is put to death; Creon's son, to whom she was betrothed, commits suicide, and the whole of the royal line is involved in his fate. It must, however, be remembered that the Antigone in its original existence, does not stand alone; it forms the conclusion of that wondrous trilogy, which depicts the results of involuntary crime, in the horrid fate of the house of *Edipus*; it is the termination of an unavailing struggle against the power of Fate.

"We enter the pit, which, on this occasion, has been laid out so as to give no bad notion of the Greek stage, and which the Parisians have rather inappropriately called "the amphitheatre;" we observe in front of the stage, and before the curtain, a segment of a square column, about four feet high, on the top of which are placed some green boughs and chaplets. This is the *Thymele*, or altar of Bacchus, before which the priests of the god and the chief magistrates of Athens offered prayers, libations, and sacrifice at the commencement and conclusion of each day's performance. There also stood the author, or his deputy the *Didaskalos* (teacher), to direct the movement, and aid the memory of the persons who composed the chorus. This has formed no part of the modern revival, but in its place we have one of Mendelssohn's finest overtures.

"The curtain, instead of being raised to exhibit the stage, falls, and disappears under the platform; this was the Roman custom, but in Greece the scenes were never hidden from the view of the spectators. The proscenium and scenery are now before us, constructed strictly on the principles laid down by Pollux. The scene represents the peristyle of Creon's palace, having a large gate in the centre and smaller entrances on each side. The centre is the royal gate, through which, according to the Greek rule, the princi-

pal personage of the drama made his entrance and exits, the side-doors being used by the second and third-rate characters; the *parascenia*, or wings, have also gates, not used in this drama; the one for vehicles coming from the country, the other for persons and matters connected with the sea. The reader will remember that it is through one of the side-gates in the *parascenia* that Agamemnon and Cassandra make their entrance, when coming from the siege. There is another object on the stage, connected with the Agamemnon, to the right of the great gate of the palace, a small tapering column supporting a little tray. That is the *Aguieion*, or altar sacred to Apollo *Aguieus* (guardian of the public streets), and it was to this object that Cassandra addressed her raving prophecies when all the horrors perpetrated by the house of Pelops arose before her frenzied imagination. The anguish of her reproach to Apollo receives much point from the presence of his altar, at the threshold of the house, where she, the chosen object of his love, was about to be butchered.

"Antigene and Ismene enter from the palace; Sophocles pre-suppose you to be acquainted with the characters of both; he had introduced them in the second drama of the trilogy, the *Cedipus Coloneus*, and had there shown the tenderness of affection combined with the firmness of purpose in the mind of Antigone, while Ismene exhibited the timidity and weakness of a feeble girl. The conversation between the sisters tells the history of the family of *Cedipus* during the interval which elapsed between the closing of the second tragedy at *Colone*, and the opening of the third in *Thebes*. This is one of the occasions on which we sensibly feel the injury that has been done to Sophocles by disavowing the *Antigone* from the rest of the trilogy. Her opening words to Ismene, declaring that they, though feeble girls, must not expect to escape from their share in the fearful doom to which the house *Cedipus* is predestined, to be fully appreciated require that the catastrophes of the two preceding dramas should be fresh in the minds of the audience. They were vividly impressed on the heart of the young actress, Mdlle. Bourbier, to whom the part was intrusted; she came upon the stage with the air of one who felt that the previous circumstances of her unhappy life were known and had won sympathy; and she assumed the tone of

one who had accepted her destiny, and who had embraced misery without yielding to despair. Her purpose to disobey the royal mandate, by giving the rites of sepulture to her brother, is then announced in a tone of calm determination; and her replies to the remonstrances of Ismene were given in tones of sorrowful reproach, particularly the final declaration of her unchanged resolution. The Chorus now makes its appearance, entering by the side-scenes, and not according to ancient rule descending by a staircase from the *parascenia*. The space allotted to the Chorus, or as it was called the orchestra, was too contracted to admit of those graceful evolutions, or sacred dances, which appear to have been more valued by the Greeks than any other accompaniment.

"Creon comes now upon the stage. M. Bocage, who represented the tyrant, possesses none of the wonderful art by which Mdlle. Bourbier showed to the audience that she had a past history which had predestined her present position. His personation of Creon was that of a simple tyrant, not of a tyrant whose character had been moulded and formed by the force of preceding circumstances. In other respects his performance was excellent; his gestures had the sculptural and statue-like character of the antique; slightly indeed as the proscenium was raised at the Odeon, it was sufficient to show that the statuary and the theatrical representations of Greece had a close and intimate connexion. In the scene that follows, when the guard declares that the royal edict had been disobeyed, and that dust had been scattered over the body of Polynices, we find that the French translators were fettered by the ultra-classical rules of Racine, and did not, like Sophocles, exhibit the coarseness and terror of the soldier, but made him more like a courtier of Louis XIV. This same timidity was exhibited in several other scenes, so as fully to prove that the classical drama of France has adopted rules different from the classical drama of antiquity. The discovery of Antigone by the guard, her condemnation by Creon, her refusal to allow Ismene to share her fate, are greatly softened down in the French representation, and still worse havoc is made of the scene in which Hæmon, the son of Creon, and the affianced husband of Antigone, remonstrates against his father's unjust sentence, and ends by renouncing his filial obedience.

All this was sadly vexatious, and we only recovered our temper when the Chorus sang that wondrous ode, the invocation to Love, in which Mendelssohn has put forth his whole strength, and produced one of those pieces of music which is sure of immortality. Antigone rushes in, clasps the altar of Bacchus, and appeals to the Chorus, as elders and princes of Thebes, for protection. This scene was wrought up to the intensity of agony, and the spectators seemed to hold their breath in sympathy as the hapless girl appealed from one to the other, when she was finally dragged off by the order of Creon.

"The entrance of the blind prophet Tiresias, worthily represented by M. Rouvière, again reminded us that we only had a fragment of the trilogy. His previous appearance in the *Œdipus Tyrannus* is the key to the horror which his presence is now designed to inspire. Creon's rejection of his advice, and his subsequent yielding when the Chorus shows that the words of the prophet had produced their effect, have so direct a reference to the *Œdipus Tyrannus* that the scene is scarcely intelligible to those who are not acquainted with the first part of the trilogy.

"A messenger announces that Hæmon has committed suicide; Eurydice hears the cry of grief, enters from the palace, and learns her son's fate; not a word betrays the mother's mortal agony; she folds herself in her veil: no words could tell such a tale as this simple action.

"As Eurydice is borne off to the palace, Creon enters bearing in his arms the dead body of his son; we were irresistibly reminded of Lear holding in his arms the lifeless form of Cordelia. But the agony of Creon is imbittered by remorse and conscious guilt; and it is scarcely increased when a messenger announces that his queen had followed the example of her son, and at the same time the opening doors of the palace display the body of Eurydice extended before the statue of Minerva. Nowhere is the wondrous art of Sophocles, in exciting pity, so conspicuous as in this catastrophe; Creon between the lifeless bodies of his wife and child, maddened by memory of the past, and destitute of hope for the future, gives a fitting conclusion to the series of overwhelming calamities. The reflection on the evil consequences of human pride which leads men to assert their indepen-

dence of Destiny, given by the Chorus, as the moral, is applicable to the entire trilogy, and not specially of the *Antigone*; so that the end as at the beginning, we are forced to feel that we have only witnessed a fragmentary representation. At the close, too, we look to the *Thymele*, standing in front of the curtain, with the expectation of finding it connected with something additional. In Athens it would have smoked with incense, while the judges decided on the merits of rival dramatists, and the archon prepared the prize to bestow on the successful competitor. For this ceremonial, the calls for the authors and the actors were but an imperfect substitute.

BARBA TASSI:

A TRUE SKETCH FROM THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

"My Mary! dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?"

While I remained in Greece, it chanced for me to fall in love. Oh! that I could but refresh these withered feelings by once more watering them from the pure fountains of the heart; it would be worth worlds! But that golden bowl is indeed broken at the fountain; and it is with a tearless eye, now cast upon the bewildering ocean of eternity, that I bid them farewell for ever.

One of my schoolfellows, with whom I was most intimately acquainted, was Antonio P——, whose sister Marietta, and my cousin Helena, were both boarders at the convent of S——. The convent is attached to the cathedral, in which a latticed gallery, having a secret entrance by a vaulted passage, is set apart for the sisterhood.

I was in the habit of going every Saturday afternoon to the convent grate, to carry messages to my cousin, as well as muslin, for the purpose of being flowered; an art which the directing nuns had carried to a high state of perfection. My cousin and Marietta always came to the grate, accompanied by the abbess, a lady of a stern and forbidding aspect, who, in my eyes, deserved but little credit for devoting her thoughts to the other world, she being apparently so very unhappy in this. The nuns themselves, as well as the boarders, were under strict discipline, for the rumoured feats of an English naval officer at Madeira, and of another gallant of the same service at one of the Azores, had reached even this distant convent. It would

therefore have been vain for me to have gone there on any other than the appointed day of the week, as I should certainly not have seen Marietta, nor even my cousin Helena. Marietta was beautiful, according to the ideas of our country; her eyes were blue, her hair yellow and silky, and without any claim to a classically of beauty in each feature, yet the expression of the whole, more especially when lighted up by a smile, was bewitching and irresistible. Her figure was inclined to be tall; her hands and feet, contrary to the established rule in Greece, were beautifully small, and her voice was melody itself. Had I never even beheld her countenance, I could have fallen deeply in love with the sweet tones of her voice, which failed not to touch the heart of every hearer. How different was she in this respect from her countrywomen in general! I can never forget how my heart beat as I entered the abbess's parlour on each anxiously-waited for Saturday. How my steps trembled, and my voice faltered, while a faint shivering seized my whole frame! Alas! those happy days, and dearest feelings of emotion, are now gone for ever.

How did I count each hour of the week, till the welcome Saturday returned! how often have I left my couch, weary and sleepless, to wander during the night by the convent walls, soothed by the thoughts of being near to her, and listening to the solemn hymn of the sisterhood, which rose to heaven in the still night, singling her voice from the many until it entranced me. And yet for a year or more, I had no opportunity, nor did I even deem it requisite, to declare my passion, so thoroughly understood the sympathy of sentiment seemed to be. At length, her brother permitted me to place a letter in the small basket which he was in the habit of carrying to her weekly, and by this means we subsequently corresponded. After a considerable time, a letter from her reached me, conveying more than my worst fears had anticipated, and that her father wished to wed her to Count—. "Oh! Tassi," she concluded, "I shall go distracted! But no! before I become the wife of another, I will—yes, Tassi—I will die! Your constant Marietta."

Little did I then imagine that the poor girl was so sadly in earnest; I wrote her a reply in the most soothing terms, even recommending, if found un-

avoidable, a marriage with my rival, for that, if she died, I would not survive her.

One night, preceding the Saturday after the above-mentioned circumstances, on which day I expected to receive a communication from Marietta, I was about midnight awoke from a frightful dream by a loud knocking at the door, and heard the voice of her brother Antonio, vehemently calling for me. "Tassi! oh, Tassi! Marietta is dying!"

On starting up, and joining him in the street, he seized me by the hand, and we both ran towards the convent gate, where we heard the sound of iron bars being removed, while Father —, in his canonicals, with the host, accompanied by attendants, chanting as they went. In the excitement of the moment, I rushed towards the door to follow, but a priest seized me by the collar, and the ponderous gate of the convent closed heavily, leaving Antonio and myself, with a few stragglers, standing without.

The ceremony of confession could scarcely have been concluded, when we heard the sweet-toned voices of the sisterhood in full choir, chanting the requiem for the dead. Never, never will the effect of that hymn upon my feelings, be effaced from my memory, and at this moment, through the dreary vista of forty years, I still hear its sad melody. With an agonised shriek, I cast myself upon the stones, and fainted. How is it, that while others ever find the gentle stream and verdant pasture refresh their hearts, I have found only the desert and the simoom, leaving me weary and dejected, not to death, but to life?

When I again recovered my senses, I found myself lying on my couch, with my aunt and cousin standing near me, bathed in tears.

It is the custom in Greece and the adjacent countries, more particularly in the hot season of the year, to bury the dead at most twenty-four hours after their decease, more generally twelve hours. On the following evening, therefore, notwithstanding the importunities of my aunt, I attended Marietta's funeral. My uncle was to perform the service, and when Antonio and I arrived at the church door, we found a crowd of people collected. On the doors being opened, we perceived the church was brilliantly lighted up, so that the golden sanctum glowed amid the full blaze of many tapers.

The body of Marietta, dressed as when

alive, in pure white, lay with its face exposed, in the centre of the church; her head encircled with a chaplet of roses, and the dress, even to the tying of the sandals, scrupulously exact. My uncle stood at her head, clothed in his priestly robes, mournfully undoing the clasps of his missal, upon which I could perceive, occasionally, a tear drop; and he proceeded with the service for the dead, his voice completely broken with emotion—his clergy, each bearing a lighted wax taper, solemnly giving the responses.

The shadows which flitted across the vaulted gallery, as well as an occasional sob from that quarter, showed us that the nuns were in attendance; and while my uncle was in the act of closing his missal, there arose again that solemn requiem for the dead, the nuns merely chanting.

Who can describe the power of music over that sorrow-stricken heart!

I remained there some time, struggling with thoughts indescribable, while a cold thrill shot through my heart, and pervaded my whole frame. One thought oft arose, and it was sincere, that the dead could arise, and that I could lie there in her stead.

The hymn ceased, and the bearers began to raise on their shoulders the remains of Marietta, lovely even in death, when Antonio, agonised with grief, seized me by the arm, and I followed him from the place, listless and bewildered, but without shedding a tear: grief was too intense to find such relief.

G.

HISTORY OF ROME.

BY PUNCH A LA ROMAINE.

WITH SEVERAL NEW FACTS FROM ONE OF THE LOST SYBILLINE BOOKS.

CHAPTER IV.—TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

In England the king never dies; the abstract king being a chain with which each king in the concrete is beautifully inter-linked and inter-locked; the continuity having been broken only once for any length of time; and, truly, Oliver Cromwell's temporary suspension of the "standing order" was of about the same importance as that of the Irishman in the story, who endeavoured, by a sort of hanging chain of his countrymen, to reach down from a bridge to the river, and who properly requested his friends below to

howl on for a moment till he should spit on his hands. In old Rome, however, kings reversed this rule—they always died; and until a new one could be found, the House of Lords kindly did the honours, as we have described in the preceding chapter. The evil consequences of such a system can perhaps be no better illustrated than by the consideration that if this Roman process of vote by ballot had been followed in the English constitution, it is very probable that we should never have had the benefit of being ruled by the "first gentleman in Europe."

The Sabine Numa was well replaced by the Roman Tullus Hostilius, who restored that glory to Rome which Numa, by his political economy and pusillanimous philosophy, had done much to arrest. Romulus himself, or even Black Beard, the pirate, was nothing to this prince of fighters. Before his vigorous and systematic audacity, and his unconquerable determination to create an honourable quarrel, the puny attempts of the Dupetit Thouars, on the other side of the channel, sink into insignificance. The motto of this magnanimous monarch was

"Whoever gives, or else does not give place,
Must leave Hostilius face to face."

The Albans happened fortunately to be in one or other of those predicaments, and a war was accordingly determined on. But just as the two armies met and were about to commence the performances of the day, the king of Alva Longa proposed, in order to save blood (although it was even then well known that "population is always pressing on the means of subsistence"), to decide the dispute by a duel. "Three twin" brothers, according to Dr. Goldsmith, of the name of Horatii were chosen on the Roman side—three ditto, named Curiatii, on the Alban. They commenced in regular Deaf Burke style; slashing away at one another till it was difficult to distinguish the Horasses from the Curiasses, the respective quantity of *glory* increasing, of course, in the inverse ratio of their recognizability. The fight becomes fast and furious—two Romans are killed—number three turns his back, apparently acting on the maxim that

"He who runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

The Albans pursue:—a hundred to one against Rome—*taken; mistaken*, for Rome suddenly wheels round, and one after the other immolates the three to the glory of Rome.

This principle of tossing up and determining the glory by the best throw out of three is not to be scouted. To this complexion, thanks to Captain Warner, it is probable that we must come. If the Tower of London and all the shipping in the Thames, or, on the other hand, if all the monarchical fortifications of republican Paris, and the steam-navy of Young France can be, like Don Juan

"In the pantomime,
Sent to the devil somewhat ere their time,"

by a sudden and invisible contrivance, need it be argued that all fighting—we mean national glory—must become a question of heads or tails; for who will go to war to realize "heads, nobody wins, and tails, every body loses." We again leave out all Malthusian considerations. If paupers must be shovelled out of sight of decent christians, not having yet, like the dogs of the metropolis, the good fortune to be considered as *property*, that of course alters the case, for to embody them as a militia would, under the new circumstances of war, be an infallible specific for reducing the poor-rates; the only possible objection being that, as in bleeding, the process gives a greater stimulus to the future operation of the evil cause, and so requires constant repetition.

The sister of the surviving champion of Rome was the sweetheart of one of the fallen Albans; and weakly bewailing his death, was slain by the brave and magnanimous conqueror. Parliament and the laws did not approve of this sort of retail butchery, not considering it proper that any soldier should perpetrate glory on his own account; but the people, more consistent, insisted on his pardon.

Hostilius reigned, or rather fought, thirty-two years. He was destroyed by lightning—the sort of lightning, we presume, that is concocted by skillful hands, behind the scenes.

ELECTRIC CURRENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

"Sir,—The proof of the existence of two distinct and opposite electric currents, was verified by the favour of Professor Bach-offer, July the 12th, 1844, upon pieces of glass which were prepared for the purpose, by Mr. Collins, accurator to the Royal Polytechnic Institution, at the suggestion of Dr. Serny.

"A battery, consisting of twenty four jars, the size of each jar being one foot eight inches in height, by two inches in diameter, foiled inside and out, eleven inches

in height, making from eighty to ninety square feet of coated surface.

"This battery was charged by the Hydro-Electric machine, and discharged with a grain weight electrometer, weighted to twenty grains, and at each discharge taking place, the pieces of glass were perforated.

"The force with which these two opposite currents rush towards each other to unite, is equal to 288,000 miles per second, as is proved by Professor Wheatstone, making the two forces unite in opposite directions, equal to 576,000 miles per second.

"The *Mirror*, for February the 17th, 1844, explains the matter fully; as also the accidental circumstances which caused the discovery of the two electric currents. The *Lancet* for December 23rd, 1844, has also an account which I wrote on the evidences of two electric fluids, in the structure of 'Nervous Febrils,' and on 'the Nature of Light.' It is necessary to give a name to these two fluids, and I propose calling the positive and negative electrical fluids (the names that have long been admitted by electricians), when singly insulated, the electro incremento—because they repel the particles of bodies from one another; and they may also be called 'the electro decremento fluids,' because on their union together the respective particles of each, being of a different electrical fluid, instantaneously collapse into one body. Dr. Franklin was of opinion that the quantity of the same electrical fluid, more or less, in two different bodies, constitutes the plus ominous, and their union is the restoration of the equilibrium. Messrs. Canton, Dufey, and Symmer, have proved that there are two electric fluids apparently the same, which are produced by different ways, meeting in two opposite currents, with immense velocities, as stated by Professor Wheatstone.

I am, Sir, very truly yours,
JOHN B. SERNY, M.D.

ADELAIDE GALLERY.

Mr. Jones, the proprietor of this public place of amusement, succeeds in drawing large audiences by the successive novelties with which he is constantly tempting the curiosity of the public. Tom Thumb, in conjunction with the excellent band of music which is in constant attendance at the gallery, drew large audiences, and is doing so this week, which is advertised as the last of the General's appearance. He is to be succeeded by a curious piece of machinery, which bears the name of the "Automaton Writer and Draughtsman." It was manufactured at Paris, and, from its ingenuity and admirable construction, is well entitled to a visit.

The Gatherer.

The Duke of Sussex's Library.—The sum produced by the sale of the first portion of the library of the Duke of Sussex was 8,308*l.* 4*s.* More than 2,000 volumes were purchased for the British Museum.

Dr. Parr and Dr. Johnson.—Dr. Parr at one time intended to have written the life of Johnson: "Sir," said the eminent scholar to a friend, "it would have been, with two exceptions, the most learned work ever offered to the world. Instead of the droppings of Johnson's lips, I would have given a history of his mind."

A Letter of Condolence to the Duke of York, born August 6, 1844, on his not having seen the light one day sooner.

Oh! why, please your highness, did you not come quicker?

If hastened your advent had been by a day,
Your name, while we quaffed off our wine or our liquor,

Had ranked with the famous Sir Reginald Bray.*
Still better—though chapel be built with fair cloisters—

It would have been felt both by noble and scrub,
That was on your birthday might look for good oysters.

And join with your praises the tale of a Tub.
Though Englishmen sometimes seem misers of treasure,

Your natal day all our best feelings would claim,
For opening our hearts we should shell out with pleasure.

And make a song worthy of Milton's rare fame.†
Aid while in new wars your great name might be frightening

Our foes, vindicating your family motto;
Your birthday would still be the natives enlightening.

With Young England's strain, "Pray remember the grotto."

Sonnet.

I love to wander in the sounding wood,

When Autumn's fingers touch the fading leaf;

As now I stand so I in boyhood stood,

And felt a pleasure mingling with my grief.

It touched my heart the summer pomp to see

Fading away, and yet a glorious change;

Yea Nature doth attire more beautifully,

When Winter cometh with his aspect strange.

So when Consumption with his burning hand,

Culls from the daughters of the earth a bride;

And when the fiend hath press'd her to his side,

Her cheek more lovely as with roses fam'd,

Bloshes beneath the poison of his breath.

And bright her eye doth sparkle, tho' in death.

Tight Shoes.—Corns are undoubted offspring of tight shoes; and tight shoes the proper punishers of human vanity. If the rules of society require that I should imprison my toes, it does not follow that I should voluntarily force them on the treadmill. The foot of man does not end in a point; its termination is nearly circular. Hence it is plain and obvious, that a point-

ed shoe will have the effect of forcing the toes into so small a space that one will lie over the other for want of room. By having always worn shoes suited to the form of my foot, I have now at sixty-two the full use of my toes.—*Waterton.*

Sabbath Bells.

Welcome, welcome, Sabbath bells,

Sweet ye fall upon the ear,

In your solemn music swells,

What to me is passing dear.

I remember youthful hours,

When your pealing summons woke,

Slumbering thoughts 'mid life's gay bow'rs,

And in warning accents spoke.

"Heedless wand'rer, turn thy feet

From the path which now they tread,

Happiness ye will not meet,

Where her ev'ry flow'r is dead.

"Tho' my sounds reverberate,

Through the silence of the tomb,

I proclaim a blissful state—

Paradise in deathless bloom.

"Who would not the pathway choose,

Deem'd by you a sombre way,

To a land of glory—whose

Loveliness will not decay.

"Turn thee, seek the temple where

Blessings bright are freely giv'n.

And the penitential pray'r

Wings its way to God in Heav'n."

Welcome still, sweet Sabbath bells,

Still ye charm my list'ning ear,

Ever in your music dwells

Blest remembrances most dear.

L. M. S.

Information collected by Travellers.—

Mr. Johnson, in his travels in South Abyssinia, gives a ludicrous instance of the sort of information sometimes collected from the notices of Europeans:—"Himyak asked me if I had ever seen an Elephant. I did not know the meaning of the word 'feel,' which is the arabic term for elephant, and, as I hesitated, Ebinzaac, supposing I had never seen or heard of one, pointing to a large mimosa tree, informed me it was a cow as high as that; whilst another, with the butt end of his spear, drew a circle on the ground, having a diameter of about six feet, and swore positively that was the size of the animal's foot.

Ancient Ensign.—The dove was the standard of the Assyrians, hence, in the Bible it is represented as an oppressor.

CORRESPONDENTS.

"C. P. J." next week.

For a first production "The Water Lily" is one of great promise, but it requires careful revision. Some of his rhymes, the author will discover, are very faulty.

Mr. Vane's poems will appear.

"Found at Last" in our next.

Jacques's Enigma he must be content to find out of these pages.

"Elephanta Cave," in our next.

* Sir Reginald Bray, a statesman, a warrior, and the architect of Henry the Seventh's chapel, was born August 5th, 1563.

† Milton oysters are in great demand at the opening of the season.